SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES.

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PREFACE.

HAVING greatly felt the want of some short and easy lessons which should have enough of story in them to make them easily remembered by children, I prepared these little Addresses, in the ordinary course of Sunday teaching, for private use with my own class. Now that they are to appear in print, I would say that they are only intended to be used by a teacher reading them to a class: and that, as they were written for a class of girls, any teacher who wishes to use them for boys may find it advisable to alter a few words here and there, to make them more applicable.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES.

I.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven."

Do you ever think, when you say the Lord's Prayer, of what it means? I wonder whether you only say the words over, as you would say your multiplication table, or whether you think, whilst you say it, of Jesus, who told his disciples that they were to pray in that way, and of what he thought they might become, and of what *he* meant by the words he told them to pray! I wonder whether you have ever seriously thought what these words mean, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven"? Jesus said, "on earth as in Heaven." Do you know how God's will is done in Heaven? Why, we have never *seen* exactly, but we can fancy (cannot we?) how God's beautiful bright angels are always good, and love one another, and do all God wishes them to do. We have not *seen*, but still we all think we know pretty much how God's will is done in Heaven. And then Jesus prays that God's will may be done just as well on earth as in Heaven; now we *see* what goes on on earth, though we cannot *see* what goes on in Heaven; do you think God's will is *always* done on earth just as well as it is

in Heaven? Think a little. . . . No, I think you will remember that it is not always. For what are some of the things which God wills? Why, He wishes that everybody should be very kind and good, and not quarrel; and that people should love one another *very* dearly, for He has made them all, and grieves when they do not like one another; and He wishes that every one should do all his business every day, whether it is learning lessons or working at any business—such as being a carpenter, or a printer, or a bookbinder, or a shoemaker, or a school-master or mistress, or whatever it be. Did you ever think, that *you* also, though you are only little children still, have to do God's will just as much as grown people—that you are not at all too little to have a great deal to do in helping to fulfil God's will? Now, shall I tell you some things which I have no doubt often happen to you, and which God cares about a great deal more than I dare say you have any idea of. Well, there was a little girl, whose parents sent her to a school with a great many other girls: one morning this little girl's mother came to wake her, and told her to get up; but she half forgot and half was very sleepy and lazy, and lay in bed looking at the sky out of the window with her eyes only half-open. The child sometimes used to think of God, and of a little brother who used to go to school with her, but who was now gone to Heaven, when she lay in her bed awake at *nights;* but now her head was full of something different; she thought of a new pair of boots which her father had said he should make for her; and she was delighted to think how happy she should feel in her new boots. By-and-by, as she lay thinking, in

came her mother again, and was angry with her for not getting up; the child did not like her mother to be angry, and so got up and dressed; but when she was dressed and had had her breakfast as fast as ever she could, to make up for having been so long in bed, she found it was almost school-time, and she had two miles to go. She snatched her bonnet, and ran off; for if she was late at school she knew she should not get a ticket, and on the number of tickets depended a prize, which she much longed to get. She got to the school door, but, alas! it was shut; and she heard her companions singing inside. She had run till she was *so* hot, and now she might stand outside and get cool, for she could not get in yet; so she sat down on the step and cried for vexation. By-and-by the door was opened, and she went in—her eyes were red with crying, and she did not want to be seen, so she fetched her slate and sat down with the other girls till the mistress should come to give them their lesson. Her companions asked her why she was late, and why she had been crying; but she shook her shoulders and would not answer, and the girls laughed and said, "Never mind her, leave her alone while she is cross." She got no ticket, and was so slow at sums and made so many stupid mistakes because she did not think, that she was put in a corner by herself, as a punishment; she only felt angry, not sorry, and disliked her school-fellows. So all went wrong that day. Had the little girl done God's will, or thought of Him that day? The next day again all went well, the little girl got up in time, and went to school in time, and took pains at her lessons, and was very good; and that night she felt very happy because she

had tried to be good, because she knew it was right to be good, and that it pleased God. But the day before I don't think she had ever thought that she was making any one but herself unhappy; she did not remember that God—even the great God who is so good and does such wonderful things—cared and was greived to see her careless and cross. Do you think she would have done so if she had thought of that? I am sure there is not *one* of you who would not willingly be good, if only you remembered it would please your father and mother; and then you know God is your "Father who is in Heaven," and so He cares, too, very much indeed, just as your own father on earth does. I know sometimes it is very hard to be good—if any one is cross to you or hurts you; but still, if it *is* hard it is all the better if you succeed; don't you think it is much better to do something rather hard than something very easy? I do. Now do you see that even you children, and I, can help to do God's will? When I was a child I was often very cross and very naughty, and I remember feeling very unlike what I am telling you to be; but still, if I had not felt how hard it is sometimes, I think you would not care so much for me to write stories for you and teach you, for you would think I did not know what you felt: but I know very well; only you know I want to *help* you to be good if I can; and then I like to think you remember what I have told you, and are *trying* to be good children. And then, you know, getting up in good time, and going to school in good time, and doing your lessons well, are not the *only* ways of helping to do God's will; for the beautiful angels in Heaven, of whom we were talking,

do not do these things, and yet they do God's will. Then how do you think it is to be done? Why, you have, perhaps, some school-fellows, or brothers or sisters, whom you can love very dearly, and then you please God by loving them, for He loves them too; and if you have any school-fellows or neighbours you can *not* love, and do not like, still try and be kind to them, and never angry or cross because you do not like them; perhaps they may be a great deal nicer than you fancy, and it would anyhow be wrong to be unkind to them. And perhaps you can do some little kindness at home in helping your father, or your mother, or your aunt, and then you will not *only* please them but God too; and only think how glad that would make you. So you see anything kind or loving you can do, or *any* one can do in any way, is helping to do God's will; and so *do* try and please Him always, for He can always see what you do, and what we *all* do. He sees me teaching you *now*, and knows whether you are listening and attending and being good children, and whether I am trying to help you with all my heart to be good and gentle. And He loves us all; and, if we ask Him, He will help us to please Him. Now, when you say, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven," will you remember what it means? I cannot tell you everything which would be doing God's will—there is much more—people must bear patiently and trustfully the griefs and sorrows God sends for them to bear in every way, and many other things, in order to do *all* His will, and by degrees you will find out for yourselves what things He wishes. Now try and remember to please God, every day and all day long, and if you do sometimes

fail, beg Him to forgive you and help you to try again and succeed better.

II.

Luke vi. 31.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Jesus told his disciples to do to other people as they would like other people to do to them, and the things which Jesus taught his disciples are just as right for us to do as for them. Now, think a little about this thing. Do you always do to others as you would like them to do to you? How do you like others to behave to you? Do you like them to scold you and to beat you? and to speak cross words to you, and to try and get all they can from you? No; I am sure you do not like that. What do you like, then? I think you like others to love you, and speak gentle, hearty, loving words to you, and to tell you kindly if you do wrong;—is it not so? and do you always do in this way to other people? I am afraid you are often cross and snappish to your schoolfellows, and complain of one another. I often hear one say, "He is making faces at me," or "She is kicking me," or "She hit me," or some discontented, grumbling remarks. Now, when other people say such things of you, you don't like it at all, and most likely your schoolfellows did not in the least intend it, and you should not be so touchy; and, if such things do happen, you must forgive each other; and then they

are not so likely to happen again as if you made a a great fuss about them. Sometimes, too, I think you are very selfish, and do not try to give up to one another half enough. Often I hear some one say, "That's my place; you have no business there," in a cross voice, and then perhaps you turn your companion out of a seat which you think is the best, instead of giving it up willingly and kindly when you see it is wished. I wish you would try and think, not only what *you* like, but also what *others* like; you might give one another so much more pleasure, and make one another so much more happy sometimes, if only you thought more of what would please them. Shall I tell you a story of a boy who tried to please other people? Well; he was a very modest, quiet boy; he was not at all a pretty boy—rather ugly; only his face looked kind and good, and so no one thought him ugly at all. He never thought much about himself; he knew he was not so clever as his younger brother, whom he considered a very fine fellow, and so he was. The elder boy's name was Norman, and the younger's Hector. Well; Norman and Hector went to school together, and both were trying hard for a prize. Hector was the cleverest boy, but he was not half as industrious as Norman; and they had been in the country for their holidays, and when they came back to school Hector's head was full of boating and all sorts of country pleasures, and his lessons got on but badly. By-and-by, it was very plain that Hector could not get the prize, and Norman was so sorry for him, because he knew how he longed to get it. Norman wanted to get it too, very much. He had been reckoning on it all the year,

but he nearly forgot that when he saw how Hector was making himself wretched about not getting the prize. So almost at last, just before the time when the prizes were to be given, Norman found out that if Hector could write out a Greek verb very beautifully and correctly, he might still gain the prize. So Hector cheered up and set to work, and he *did* do it very beautifully, and Norman had to do it also. When they were done and hung up in the school-room they were both *very* nice, but still Norman's was the best. Hector saw that it was, and as he stood before them and saw that, he grew pale and felt very miserable; for he could not give up the idea of getting the prize, even to his brother Norman. Norman watched him, and saw how unhappy he was; and he saw, too, that his own verb was the best. He did nothing then; but afterwards, when Hector was gone away, he stood in the room, with his beautiful verb, all neat and clean, in his hand; he looked at it very lovingly and quietly, and firmly, and then--what do you think he did? He spilled all the ink over it, so as to spoil it quite! He had done it on purpose that Hector might get the prize; but every one else (except his cousin, and he told him never to tell) thought he did it by accident, and that he was very clumsy; so he got nothing but scolding; he was very quiet, and said nothing. Hector got the prize, and never knew what his brother had done. Now, what do you think of that? Was not that a noble boy? It is not *every* boy or girl that would do such a brave thing in order to be kind to a brother, or sister, or schoolfellow. But the brave thing was, not *only* to spoil the verb that his brother might gain the prize, but that he

never *told* a word about it. There are, no doubt, many who could do such a thing as spoiling the verb, but I do not think there are many children who could do such a noble deed so generously as to say nothing about it *ever*, nor many men or women either. Only think, how could you bear to give up every chance of what you had wished for so much as Norman had wished for the prize; and not only that, but how could you bear to hear only blame for it—to be called stupid, and so on? But Norman bore it all, and he bore it nobly; he was cheerful and kind to every one, and when he saw his brother receive the prize he could give him a kind smile to show him he was glad for him. Now, was not *that* doing to others as you would that others should do to you? Perhaps you think that Norman was a happy boy to have such an opportunity as that. Well, very likely the same opportunity, or even the same *kind*, may never come to you; but, if you look out for them, there are numbers of other opportunities—only little ones, perhaps; but even little things are very much worth doing, and not one should be omitted. You may be able to give an apple or an orange, or some little gift to one of your friends; or you may give up a favourite seat to one of them, or you may bear some little unkindness gently and without being angry; or you may run an errand, or do a job for some one. Only look out, and you will find plenty of ways; for it is not *only* necessary to wait till something comes to you to do, but if you cannot find something ready-made for you to do for others or to give up from yourself, you must *make* little kindnesses—invent kind and helpful deeds to do; for it is not enough to sit lazy and wait till

opportunities come to you, you must go out and seek opportunities diligently. Now try and remember this, try and find out things to do for others, such as you would like them to do to you; and you will find it so happy thus to please others, and God too.

III.

Colossians iii. 23.

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

Did you ever hear this before? This little sentence, which has such a nice little lesson in it, was written by Paul, who, you know, was an apostle of Jesus; and who wrote the epistles, or letters, to different people, which you find at the end of the Testament. He said, that whatever we do we are to do it *heartily*. Don't you know how, sometimes, you are apt to think that something you have to do is so small, and such a stupid little thing, that it does not matter how you do it? or, perhaps, you even think it does not matter whether you do it at all. But *every* thing, however tiny and small, is worth doing *well* if it is right to do it at all, and worth giving your mind to till it is done. When you come to school you should remember that whatever you do you must do *heartily:* on Sundays you come into school, and, first thing, perhaps you think you have nothing to do till the other children come in to sing the hymn with you; but I can tell you that some of you, instead of doing *nothing*, are very apt to do something worse than nothing—you are some of you apt to pull an orange, or a piece of

bread, or some peppermint out of your pocket, and begin to eat it, which you know quite well is not allowed in school; or you sit wrong way on your seat, with your back to the desk, and talk to the children behind you, and so make a noise, which teases your teachers, and makes them so often have to say, "Hush." You see you may even do *nothing* heartily; I mean, that instead of spending the time, when you have nothing *set* you to do, in chattering or playing tricks, or doing any of the things you know you are not allowed to do, if you would spend it in trying, with all your heart, to sit still and keep quiet, and not disturb the teachers, who are busy, by making them perpetually have to look after you, then you would spend your time much better: you might always learn a bit of a hymn whilst you are waiting —most of you have hymn-books of your own, but those who have not, could, perhaps, look over with one of their companions—in that way you would soon find you get to know a great many pretty pieces of poetry, which, even if you do not care for them much *now*, you will some day care for very much, and be very glad you learnt them whilst you were little. Then, when you have done waiting, and all the children are in the room, you have to sing a hymn. Now, I often see, when you are singing your hymn, that the eyes of one child or another are wandering restlessly over the room, perhaps staring at the children opposite, and evidently she is thinking not a *bit* of what she is doing; she sees there are some words on the page of the book before her, and she sees them just enough to read them with her eyes, but she does not read them with her heart too;

her mouth and voice are singing the words, but she is not doing it with her heart. You should sing your hymn heartily, too; by singing it heartily I don't mean that you should sing *loud*, that is not the meaning of *heartily* here; but I mean, you should try and understand what all the words mean: sometimes when I am singing a hymn, and think a good deal about its meaning, it seems to me so very beautiful, and it seems so wonderful that the person who wrote the hymn should have felt so much the same as I do, for the words seem to be the only ones that can express what I have felt, and the ones which I have longed to find, and have never been able to do. So you would find it, I think, if you tried to read the hymns you sing, not with your *eyes* only, but with your *hearts*. You should sing your hymns *heartily*. Then you have to go to your classes, and sit still till your teacher comes; you should go quietly and take your places without quarrelling, quietly, and then sit quiet, as you know your teachers like you to do till they come. Then, when your teacher comes and reads to you, you must *attend heartily*. Sometimes, though you sit very still and quiet, in the middle of a beautiful grave part of a tale about Jesus Christ, some child's voice will say "Teacher, shall I have a ticket to-day?" and then, you know, that shows me as plainly as if you said it, that you are not listening a bit, that you are not *attending heartily*. I believe you like your lesson very much when you *do* attend, but when you *don't*, you say, "When will you read us a story?" That makes me very sorry, for it shows that you are careless, and not making the best use of the time, which is so precious, and which is

running away so fast, that you are not doing *heartily* whatever you do, but are peeping on, to hurry on the *next* thing. But sometimes, when I finish the lesson, and all look pleased, and say it is very pretty, I feel very glad, for I know that my little pupils have been good children, listening with their *hearts* as well as their *ears*. Now you know there are endless little things besides all these; *every* thing, indeed, you must do *heartily;* there is nothing that you ought to do that is not worth giving all your heart to, and doing *heartily*. You are to do it, Paul says, "as to the Lord, and not unto men." That means, that in all you do, you must do it so as to please God, and you must not care whether people laugh at you, or blame you for it; if you know it is *right* to do it, you *must* do it, and do it *heartily*, so as to please God, whatever it be; do not begin to think how it will look to people, whether people will laugh at you or despise you for it; if you think you ought to do it, do it manfully, never fear, for if you do not please every body else, God will be pleased, and will help you, and that is of most importance of all. Whatever you do, do it heartily, and remembering God meanwhile. Now do you think you can remember this little sentence of St. Paul's, and remember the meaning too? "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

IV.

John iii. 20, 21.

"For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things; if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God."

What does this mean, "if our heart condemn us?" It means, if our heart tells us we have done something wrong. You know, don't you, how your heart tells you when you have done something wrong? You know as certainly when you have done wrong as if some one spoke to you and told you so—at least, nearly always. But when you have done anything wrong, what is the best thing you can do? Is it to keep quite quiet, and hide up the fault in your own heart, and tell no one? No; the best thing you can do, and the only right thing, is, to go and freely confess your fault, and ask forgiveness. Sometimes when you have done wrong, you feel ashamed of asking forgiveness, and you go on just as if nothing had happened, and try to forget it. And I dare say you have often felt how, when you have been cross and angry with your brother, or sister, or companion, when all cause for anger is gone away, you still do not feel good-humoured, but that you are still angry at everything they may say and do, and contradict everything, or grumble, and are ashamed to own that you were cross, and be good-humoured again. But does it make it any better to *go on* with the same naughty fault? Don't you think you ought *much more* to be ashamed of being so mean and naughty and foolish as to go on being cross because you don't like having to *own* yourself cross? When you have

been cross and wrong in this way, I would advise you to *force* yourself to own it, and, however humbling it may seem to have to own yourself wrong, do it, and never mind, for you may be quite sure the only right thing you can do is to be sorry, and try to do right *now*. Your heart will condemn you for having done wrong at all, but not so sadly as if you had not tried to cure yourself, and get right again. The text says, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." It means that, even though our heart does condemn us, God understands and sees all that we feel and think, and He sees the minute we begin to be sorry, and to listen to what our better mind tells us. We need never be afraid to go to God directly when we have done wrong, and ask Him to forgive us, and help us to do right in future, for God is very kind and loving, and we must trust Him. And then again, if you have done wrong accidentally, or in a different way from this—if, by being careless, you have broken anything, or neglected to do anything, never be afraid to own it, for that makes a great deal worse of it. There was once a boy who was at school, and one day, in playing at ball, near the house, his ball went accidentally against a window; the boy was dreadfully frightened lest the window should be broken, which he knew would make his master very angry. He looked up, and though the piece of glass still stuck in the window, yet the window was broken most undoubtedly. But the boy was afraid to run in at once to tell his master, and he hoped the piece would still stick in the window, that no one would notice that it was broken. So he said nothing; but he could not

at all forget the window, except for a little time; his heart condemned him, and told him he was a naughty boy, but he was afraid and ashamed to own it. Well, the next day the boy heard his master scolding the housemaid for being so careless as to have broken the window; she said she did not think she could have done it, as she had never seen it before; the boy felt more ashamed of himself than ever, now; he was a generous boy, and could not bear any one else to be blamed for what he had done; he had never thought of it coming to that when he did not tell that he had cracked the pane of glass; so he ran up to his master and told him all about it, for he knew that to let his master believe the maid had done it, would be just as bad as to tell a lie, and *say* she had done it. The master was angry, as the boy expected, and blamed him very much, not only for being careless, but for doing so wrong as not to tell of his carelessness immediately; but the boy knew he deserved the blame, and only said, "I am very sorry," and his heart was much lighter when he had told; and he knew he had done right at last, though he ought to have done it sooner. Then sometimes you know that you are tempted to do what you know you ought not—something you have been forbidden to do; when you do so, and are sorry, you should own it willingly. There was another boy who had no father and mother, but lived with his uncle; his uncle had a beautiful willow-tree by a pond in the garden; it was not a common kind of willow, and the uncle had forbidden any one to cut the tree, or break its branches. The boy knew this well enough, but one day he wanted some nice sticks for some-

thing he was making, and he could find no straight ones anywhere, they were all knotty and crooked; so he thought, "Uncle Edward will never miss a few twigs from his willow—I can take a *few*, for it will really do no harm." So he tempted himself to think that it would not be naughty to do what his uncle had told him not to do. He cut off one bit after another till he found he had cut more than he had meant to do, and the tree looked a little bare just where he had cut them from; he was rather frightened, but thought no one would find it out. However, his uncle *did* find out that some one had cut his tree, and was very angry, and after asking every one else if they had done it, he asked the boy; the boy said he had not done it—he was afraid of his uncle, he thought he would punish him so. However, at last it was found out that the boy had not only done wrong *once* in cutting the tree, but he had also told a lie; he was terribly punished. You see doing *one* wrong thing may tempt you to do another and deny it, or not own it; but when you have done wrong, remember that the *only* right thing you can then do is to confess it, and own it frankly, and not make one excuse for yourself. "For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things;" and He will hear our prayers and confessions, and will do with us as He sees fit; but He is very merciful, so we may willingly trust all to Him. And then, if we have done *nothing* wrong, "If our heart condemn us *not*, then have we confidence towards God."

V.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 14.

"Do all things without murmurings and disputings."

Is not it curious to find how, so many hundred years ago, people needed to be told so much the same as they do now? all that Jesus Christ taught his disciples teaches us now as much as it did them then; and all that Paul and others wrote in those letters which are at the end of our New Testament is just as good for us now as it was for the people to whom the letters were written long and long ago. You see even then people had to be told to "do all things without murmurings and disputings;" and now people still find this very difficult sometimes, not only in great things, but in little things: indeed, I often think little every-day things are more difficult to do than greater ones. I have no doubt you have often found that when any one has asked you to do anything for them you have been unwilling, and perhaps grumbled a little, or a good deal; or even have refused to do it. Perhaps your companion or friend may not have asked you quite nicely and kindly, and that may have provoked you and put you up to giving an unkind or sullen answer; but still we ought always to be *very* ready and willing to help others, and never mind if it is some trouble, for we are not worth very much if we would not willingly and lovingly give up a good deal for others from our own comfort and pleasure; if we can find out things in which to help others, *without* their asking us, it is much the best; we ought not to wait till something to be done for others lies,

as it were, before our very faces, but we should always be on the look-out eagerly for something in which to help and serve those who are around us. We may find endless little useful deeds to do for others which will please them very much; but if you cannot always find such things to help in, *without* being asked, then be sure and be ready and willing when you are asked to do anything,—whether it be for a schoolfellow, or a brother or sister, or for your parents. Sometimes, perhaps, when you are busy reading an interesting book—or doing something, very comfortably—and feel as if you should never like to be disturbed, some one comes and asks you to run on an errand for them,—to fetch something out of the next room, or perhaps to go further, to buy something in the town; and you feel so unwilling, and perhaps grumble and say, "Oh! must I go now? I'm so tired and so comfortable;" and then perhaps your mother gives up something when she is very busy in order to save you trouble, and without saying anything does it herself, when maybe she is just as tired as you, and far less comfortable. *Never* grumble when you are asked to do anything for anybody, for we can never do too much for others, and generally do far too little; and it spoils all the graciousness of the deed if you grumble first, and end with doing as you were asked. I will tell you a tale to show you how it spoils all the kindness of the deed if you grumble at doing it:—There were two boys who went to the same school; it was a boarding-school where there were many boys. The elder boy's name was Philip, and the younger one's Hugh, and Hugh had not been very long at school, but Phil had been a long time; a terrible

accident had happened to poor little Hugh which made him lame for all his life: not so lame that he could not walk a little, but he could never run and jump like other boys, or walk far, or join in rough boys'-play. Well, Phil and Hugh went to spend their holidays at their uncle's house, not more than four miles from the school, and during the holidays each of the boys was to write a theme—a lesson, ready for school-days again. Both the lessons were done, and the boys went back to school; and whilst most of the boys were playing, Hugh, as he could not play, thought he would just read over his theme, to see if there were any mistakes, as they were to be given to the master the next day. But alas! when he looked for his theme, he found he had left it at his uncle's house! At first he was in great dismay, but soon he thought that as there was just time before tea-time, Phil would go and fetch it for him. So he ran into the play-ground and told his trouble to Phil and all his school-fellows; he hoped Phil would offer to go, and then it would have saved Hugh's asking him, for Hugh was rather afraid of Phil, and Phil was not always good-natured to Hugh. But Phil never thought of offering to go for it, and only said, "Oh, never mind your theme, no one expected you to do one, and you have only to say you left it behind you." However, Hugh could not be satisfied to give up his theme so easily; so he said, "But it is at my uncle's if any one would go for it." But Phil said it was cold, and would soon be dark, and though he did not exactly say "*No*," he as good as refused to go. Hugh was vexed, he did not like to bother, and, as no one offered to go, he said no more; but Phil and his companions did not

feel very well satisfied to have helped poor Hugh no more than this, and they soon looked round to see where he was. Hugh was leaning against the wall, with his face hidden in his arms, and, when they pulled him away, he was crying—he sobbed out, "I took such pains with that theme all the holidays; and I can't go for it myself!" Now everybody was vexed, and thought they had been very unkind not to go directly they were asked; and some said Phil was unkind, as he certainly had been, for of course it was more for him to care for and look after his little brother, than for the others who were no relation. Several boys began to run off; but then Phil stopped them all, and said it was his business, and he went and fetched the theme. When he was gone. Hugh began to think he had been selfish to make Phil go, and was very unhappy; and when Phil came back, Hugh exclaimed, "Oh! Phil, I am so sorry! I hope you are not very tired." Phil only answered, "Never mind; there's your theme." Phil had done the kind thing in the end, you see; but Hugh had no pleasure in the theme when it came, because Phil's grumbling at having to go made Hugh think himself very selfish. I think if Phil had been really and truly kind he would have said, the minute Hugh had said he had forgotten his theme, "I'll fetch it, Hugh!" Only think, then, how grateful and pleased Hugh would have been, and he would not have felt himself half so selfish, I think, as he did, because he had not only to *ask* Phil to go, but his tears urged Phil, and it was almost as if Hugh had made him go—to his own mind at least. Now try and always do what is really truly kind without being asked, and without any

grumbles, however comfortable or happy you may be. It makes all the difference in the world to those for whom you do anything, whether you do it grumblingly and unwillingly, or whether you do it readily and briskly, and with a loving spirit.

VI.

Philippians ii. 4.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

This is one of the chief things which you and everybody have to mind; that you have sympathy with others in everything; that you do not allow yourselves to be wrapped up in your own concerns alone —but that you keep up a warm and loving interest in those around you. I am sure you all of you know what a difference it makes in being able to bear anything, whether it be pain or sorrow, or trouble of any kind, or whether it be joy and happiness, when some one else has entire sympathy with you, and can put himself, in fancy, in your place, and so know just how you must feel. You do not know how often a little kind sympathy may help and comfort your companions and friends. Perhaps some day when you get up in the morning you resolve that you will be very industrious, and learn and do a great deal; and all day long you do your lessons or read your books, perhaps hardly ever stopping or looking up, or thinking of what other people are doing; perhaps one of your companions asks you something in her lesson, and you say, "Oh! I'm very busy, don't stop

me." In this way you may get a great deal learnt; but still, merely to learn off by heart, or to read a great many pages of a book, is not the whole business of *any* day; it is a very good thing to learn lessons and so on, but it is a better thing still to learn to help and oblige others. There is a kind of way in which you may learn your lessons *very* well, as well as ever you could if no one spoke to you all day; and yet in which you may do other things equally well. You should learn very industriously—that is quite right—but when any one asks you to help them and to do anything for them, don't refuse to help them if you can; and give all your mind to helping them as well and kindly as ever you can.

I will tell you another story about the same two boys, Philip and Hugh, of whom I told you in the last lesson. Hugh had only just come to school—he was a very little boy, only eight and a quarter years old, and he was not a clever little boy, he had been apt to be lazy and rather dreamy over his lessons at home; he used to let his thoughts wander far over the sea and away, with great travellers and sailors, when he knew he ought to learn his lessons. But at school such things would not do; his lessons must be learnt by certain times, and poor Hugh found it very hard to shake off all his lazy habits at once, and to learn all his lessons without any help, as, when he was at home, his mamma or his sisters had helped him when he wanted help. So he asked his brother Phil to hear him his lessons before he had to say them to his master, and Phil consented; and for a little while he heard him very good-naturedly; but one day Hugh went to Phil and

asked him to hear his lesson, and Phil said he was busy, and sent Hugh away. Hugh's lesson was not perfect; several times this happened, and Phil gave Hugh no reason for it, till at last he told him, once for all, that he must learn all his lessons without him, as he could not help him any more. Hugh was very unhappy, but by degrees he got to learn without any help, like the rest of the boys. But it was not kind of Phil not to help Hugh, though it might be quite true that Hugh ought to learn without help, yet as it was so hard to him, Phil might have left it off by degrees, and not have thrown poor little Hugh all by himself at once. Phil did not try to put himself into his little brother's place, and to understand what he felt, or else he would have seen that it was not very kind to send him away from him without help. I think people are apt to be unkind to little tiny children without at all meaning it. You so often see older people taking little children, nearly babies, out; and sometimes the little thing begins to cry, and then without taking much pains to find out what is the matter, the older people shake or strike the little thing, or say, "Be good, you bad child, or I'll give you to the policeman." I do really think it is very wrong to do so, for the things that make poor little children cry are just as great to them as the greater things which make us cry are to us; often the little child is hurt or frightened, and a little comfort and sympathy would make all right, and so it is very selfish not to take pains to find out the poor child's little grief and comfort it, thinking how, if if you were as little and weak, and helpless, such things would be just as sad and great to you. Per-

haps you, some of you, have some dear friend whom you love very much, and to whom you like to come either when you are very happy or very sorry or anything, and who is always ready to give you a great deal of loving sympathy, understanding how you must feel it all, till the friend feels it too almost as much as you do, for you. If you have such a friend, I am sure you have often felt how happy it makes you, and you must often have longed to be like that friend. Try and always enter into others' concerns, try and help others every day, a great deal, and never be so wrapped up in your own things as not to be ready to give your help and sympathy to any one who may want it. You may make yourself so helpful, and so kind, and so useful; and no people are so delightful as those whose sympathy is alive and loving for all.

VII.

Luke ix. 46.

"Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest."—Jesus said unto them (48), "He that is least among you all, the same shall be great."

I dare say you have all felt sometimes a longing to be great—greater than your companions; and you see even the disciples of Jesus disputed among themselves which of them should be greatest. And what did Jesus answer them? Why, he took a little child, as something small and humble, and said that the man who was least in his own opinion, as that little child, who felt how little he could do or be, compared to what God would like him to be, or to what he wished to be—that *that* man would really be the greatest. Jesus meant

to tell them that they would never be truly great and good if they only cared for appearing so to other men, or to themselves; for no great man ever thought himself great. The greatest men that ever were have been the humblest of all. Think of Jesus, how humble he was. When some one said to him, "Good Master," he said to him, "Why do you call me *good?* There is none good save One, and that One is God." It is quite right to wish to be good, and to try to be so, with your whole hearts; but then the more good you grow, the more you will think that you might be better still, a great deal. Sometimes I dare say you wish to be greater and better than your companions; but do not you think it would be best of all if all were good alike? and all *may* be quite good, if they chose. God has made us so that not one or two alone can be good, but that *all* people can be good at the same time, and there is no need for any one to be less than another. It is true God has made some people cleverer and prettier than others, and in those things we cannot help it, and yet we may be just as *good* as clever people. And when we see any one whom we know to be better than we are ourselves, we can try and be as good as they are, and so grow better and better every day, and yet never feel satisfied, always feel that we may grow better yet. There was once a little boy and girl. Esther, the little girl, was the oldest; she was a gentle, quiet little girl, and her brother Leonard was a stout, handsome boy, very proud, and not always kind to Esther. They had a cousin Edwin, a little frightened boy; and one day Edwin had gone to see his aunt, and Leonard was to tell the shopman (the children's father was a baker, and kept

a shop) to fetch Edwin home at night when he went out in the cart to deliver the bread. Leonard forgot to tell the man to fetch Edwin, and quite late in the evening, after the man and the cart were gone, Esther said to Leonard, "I hope you told Charles to call for Edwin." Leonard had to confess that he had forgotten all about it till that minute. So, what was to be done? Esther said they must go and fetch Edwin, and asked Leonard to go with her. Leonard said he did not want; and seemed to be rather frightened at the thought of going out in the dark, though he kept saying he was not a *bit* frightened; still he persisted he was not frightened at anything; and yet he was so selfish as to let his sister go out in the dark all that long way alone. Esther fetched Edwin home; the way was long, and they nearly lost their way, and it rained dreadfully, and Edwin was frightened and a little cross; however, Esther was very kind, and they got home. When they got home, they heard a dreadful screaming and crying, and were afraid Leonard had burnt himself somehow; but after a good deal of difficulty and fuss, they found he was only afraid of the dark! So here was the boy who always pretended to be so brave and grand, afraid of the dark, and proving what a silly, babyish boy of eight years old he was. And Esther, who never boasted of anything or thought anything about herself, had turned out the brave one after all, and gone a long, tiring walk in the rain and dark all alone. I don't think Leonard would boast any more after that.—Do you? You see Leonard had thought *he* was the greatest, and Esther had always seemed the least, she was humble and quiet; and yet, when anything at all important

happened, it turned out just the contrary—that Leonard, after all, was the coward, and the least in every way, whilst little Esther was brave and good.

Another tale, too, I can tell you which will show you what I mean—about a boy (though he was a big boy, now almost a man). He was a very good, noble, brave fellow, and nearly everybody loved him; it is true he was sometimes angry and passionate, and had some faults to cure; and though every one was so fond of him, and thought him so good, he was so very humble, he was never proud or conceited; he thought as little of himself as any one could, and so some people did not think he was anything very particular; those who did not know him never thought much of him, because he never put himself forward amongst them boastfully. Well, this boy lived in a wild place by the sea, just where some great immense rocks stretched out into the sea, and where some rocks were under the water, which were dangerous to ships at high-tide; but at low-tide they stood out of the water. One early morning when it was still dark—it was tremendously stormy—the wind was howling and the sea dashing about, so that it was terrible to think of ships being on it; suddenly the boy was awakened by hearing a cannon fired; he listened—another and another he heard, and then he knew that some ship must have struck on the rocks in the dark, and be firing cannon as signals for help. The boy put on his clothes and rushed down the hill to the shore, where many people stood, but all were afraid to venture, the sea was so rough and the rocks were so dangerous; but the boy got into a boat, and showed he meant to go and save the people in the

ship; he asked who would go with him, and chose out many young men who were strongest; and off went two brave boats full of men and boys, but the bravest of all was the boy who led them. They reached the rocks safely—they were very careful and cautious. The poor men out of the ship were on the rocks; and our friends got them all safely into the boat; and then when the people on the shore saw it they set up a shout, such a glad shout! and it was answered from the boats, and the men in the boats shouted the gladdest, happiest shout of all. They reached shore all safely, all wet through to be sure, but they had saved the poor shipwrecked people, and were so happy, though the sea had been awfully stormy. And out of the boat, amongst the rest, stepped the boy, as brave as could be, and yet as quiet and modest as ever, not thinking a bit of himself or how it was all his doing. He heartily thanked his companions for having gone with him; he brought in his arms from the ship a little boy who had a broken arm, and gave him to a poor woman to take care of; and they were all glad to do anything, when the boy had been so brave. And yet he never was a bit proud of it, he never *thought* of taking praise to himself for such a thing. Now do you see what Jesus meant, when he said, "He that is least among you, the same shall be greatest"? The boy was the least among them in his own opinion, he thought not one bit of himself, and knew that he had many faults which made him sad, because he thought he should like to be a much better boy than he was; and he yet was greatest, by being so brave and noble-hearted.

Be humble, and meek, and gentle, and try to do your duty, and in that way you are far more likely to be great than by only trying to be better than your companions. Jesus was "meek and lowly of heart," and he was the best man that ever lived.

VIII.

1 Thessalonians v. 6 and 8.

"Therefore let us not sleep; but let us watch and be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation."

Let us think a little to-day about this sentence which St. Paul wrote; what do you think he meant when he wrote "Let us not sleep"? Do you think he meant, let us not go to sleep at night? No, it could not mean that. But let us think what happens when we *do* go to sleep at night. We forget everything that we have been thinking about whilst we were awake, and either seem to have been too fast asleep to dream of anything, or else have had queer, odd, rambling dreams, which seem all the more funny to us when we wake for having seemed so quite real whilst we were asleep. Sometimes we even wake ourselves with struggling for something very little, or with crying for something which seems ridiculous as soon as we are awake again. Did you ever think that we can go to sleep in quite a different way, whilst we are wide awake in our bodies? Perhaps you have felt sometimes how easy it seems to be good, and do rightly; some day perhaps you have felt in such spirits, and so very happy, as if you could never be

naughty again. Well, then I can tell you that you are wide awake in every way; but, perhaps, on other days, you have felt cross, and as if you did not care much what you did, quite careless; and then it is that your heart is gone to sleep. It is a thing you must take great care of, not to let your hearts go to sleep; for if you get into a habit of not taking the trouble to care much for what you do, perhaps some day you will find yourself doing something very, very wrong. When you feel that you are growing careless and naughty, try if you cannot find something very useful to do—some little job, if it were only running about on some errands for your mother or any one—and if you feel lazy and not inclined to do it, *make* yourself go, and say to yourself, "I *will* go and help," and I think that will help you to care more about your duty again. You see, when our minds go to sleep it is something the same as when our bodies go to sleep. When we are awake, as to our bodies, we look about and see what is going on. We hear what people say, and we see what they do, and we see the sunshine or the moonlight, and we walk about, and do our work; but when we are asleep all these things are quite forgotten, and all we know is about all sorts of wild, strange things, and sometimes what seems quite nonsense. And then when our minds are awake we see with them what we ought to do, and we understand why our friends act as they do; and we see how beautiful and charming God's sun and moon are, and all that He has made; and our minds go about and look around to find what is right and what is wrong; and with our heart and mind we feel that God is good and loves us, and we love Him too in return,

and try to please Him, and all things look cheerful. But when our mind is gone to sleep we do not care to look about to see what we must do; the beautiful sunshine does not seem so beautiful any longer, and seems then to tell us no bright tales of God as it did before; but we grumble that we are too hot or too cold, or too something—anything but quite right—and it seems that instead of looking cheerfully about, our minds are lying quite still, and dreaming about silly things, or very little things, and perhaps fretting over something which will seem absurdly little when we wake up again and are cheerful. So St. Paul says, "Let us not sleep: let us watch and be sober." By "watch," he means keep awake in our minds. Then he says, "putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation." In this sentence he speaks of us as if we were soldiers—soldiers whose battle is the great battle of life, fighting against all things which come in the way of what we know to be right, and against all the things which would tempt us to do wrong, and against our own naughty wishes when they come. That is a great battle; is not it? And we must kill all these enemies, and many others besides, in order to be quite good and fit to live with God; you must fancy all your ill-tempers and cross words, and all your difficulties and dangers, little or great, as your enemies, who stand close to you, waiting for you to fight them; they will fight well, too, I have no doubt: but never fear, if you are a brave soldier, you *can* and *will* conquer them all, and then you will have gained a victory. Fancy yourself one of the brave, good soldiers who have won so many battles for our noble

little England; think how they have fought and struggled, and how they generally conquer, and try and be as brave and as good, both in body and mind, as England's soldiers are always brave in battle. But soldiers who have to fight battles, such as our English soldiers fought in the Crimea, must have arms to fight with; they have swords and guns, and such things, and soldiers, long ago, when they went to battle, wore what are called breastplates—a sort of coat of hard steel to cover their bodies, and keep the sharp swords from cutting them—and so we, too, when we are soldiers, must have arms and weapons to fight with, and to defend ourselves with; and Paul tells us what weapons to use. What are they? "The breastplate of faith and love." We are to wrap close round our hearts armour of trust and love, which shall guard our hearts from hurt, even more securely than the breastplate would guard our bodies—a close warm clothing next our hearts, and we are to make it so strong and great that no sword of an enemy could even hurt it in the least—make it so smooth and glittering that the sharp point of a sword would only slide down it, making a streak perhaps brighter even than the rest, and brighter than it was before. Then soldiers wear a helmet—a strong cap—made of steel, to guard their heads from being hurt. And what sort of a helmet does Paul tell us to wear, when we fight our battles? He says, "For a helmet, the hope of salvation." He means to say that we are to put on the hope and thought of heaven, where we shall go one day to dwell in peace with God, if we fight our battle bravely whilst we are on earth. This hope of heaven, and thought of God, must be the top of all

things, as the soldier's helmet is on the top of his head, and so above all the rest of him;—this must be what is plainest seen in all we do; what our enemies, our false pride of what we can do and say, and our temptations, and so on, must see from afar, and must feel they cannot bring down; that such a helmet is too beautiful for them, and that to one who wears a helmet like this they will have to yield soon, if not at once. But the English soldiers who fight their glorious and victorious battles gain praise and glory from all the proud and happy Englishmen who love their country, and thanks too: but the battles which we fight in our own secret hearts gain no praise or glory, and no one knows of them but God alone. But *He does* know and He blesses us for them, and tells us we are good children when we have conquered our enemies; and God's praise is worth all else—is not it? For when *He* praises, we know we have been really truly good.

IX.

James v. 13.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

You see James tells you what to do when you are sad and sorrowful; even if you are sad because you have done wrong, you may pray to God; whenever you are sad you may go to God and speak with Him, and ask for comfort from Him. Perhaps you are apt to think that prayer is only for certain times, when you go to bed at night, or when you go to church or school,—perhaps you never think of praying in the

day-time in your play and in your work. But it is not necessary to kneel down and say words when you pray; prayer is not merely speaking with your lips to God, but when you think of God and wish earnestly and truly to be good, and you feel loving and gentle in your hearts, God accepts that as quite as good and true a prayer as any you can speak with words, and He gives you his help and blessing, and is by you all day and night, and strengthens you for all the good you do, and for all you have to do and bear. Perhaps when you are unhappy and sorrowful you sometimes feel inclined to complain and to grumble, and not to be patient; but then you forget, I think, that God sees you and wishes very much that you should be very patient and gentle; for there is nobody living who has not something to bear, and God would have us each to bear our burdens and to help others to bear theirs without murmuring and complaining; and He wishes, too, that we should speak with Him in all our sorrows, for He pities us, and comforts us, if we will only look up to Him trustfully and lovingly as children to their Father, and ask Him for the help which He can give us better than any one. We are like God's sheep—as if God was our Shepherd; and the shepherd loves the sheep and the lambs, and when any of them have lost their way he seeks them out and shows them the right way again; and if any is tired he carries it, that it may not fall down fainting by the wayside, and he leads his sheep up to pleasant places on the high mountains, where there is food that is wholesome for them; and even though the shepherd leads them now and then over hard and stony places, they will

follow him still because they love him, and feel sure that he knows better than they what is good for them. And if, now and then, one or two of his sheep look backwards and think of the pleasant grass they are leaving, and want to run away back again, the shepherd turns his face and looks and counts to see that his sheep are safe, and he calls back any that run away, and they must come at last; and then when they have crossed the hard and stony part, they find the shepherd has been leading them to a still-better pasture, farther up than before, above the heat of the valley, high up in the fresh wind; up to a fold on the high mountains, where, now the winter is gone and summer come, they may stay and never wish to go away. Then James says, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." There is no harm in your being *very* merry, in being as happy as ever you can; God likes you to be merry when you are good; and often, I dare say, when you are very merry and happy you find yourself singing to yourself without thinking of it; then you are singing out of the joy of your heart, singing thanks to God though you did not think of it, and only sang because you were merry; so James says that this too is only right, and God loves to hear you sing when you are happy, for it is a way of thanking Him for his goodness and his love to us. It is like the little birds to sing when we are happy; do not you know how, in the country, the merry little birds shout out and call one another, and sing all the day long, except when they are frightened? and when the spring time comes, and the nice warm summer with bright hot sunshine, which they love, they sing far more than in the winter, for they are

not so happy and so comfortable in the winter; the winter to them is like our sadder times to us; they would gladly be merry, only they cannot always find food enough, and they feel hungry, and the sun does not shine to warm them through and through, and they wonder, perhaps, what makes it all so cold, that even when the sun shines it is a cold white sunshine, and only sparkles in the snow, and frost, and ice, without feeling warm. And so, at these times, the birds sing very little; but, by-and-by, the snowdrops and crocuses begin to peep out; and the buds first, and then gradually the leaves, come to cover the trees with green, and the sun shines longer, and grows warmer and brighter, and the ground is soft for the birds to find insects for their food, and then they are *so* glad, and they sing because they cannot help it; they are so happy, and they can do nothing but sing to tell us and God that they are so. We like to fancy that the little birds that sing so gaily and beautifully are singing out their little praises to God for all His great kind gifts; and we, too (when we sing because we are so happy we cannot help it), are giving God our thanks though we know it not, out of our full happy hearts for all His kindness to us. And often and often in this way we may *feel* God in our inmost heart, and *feel* that He is with us, though we do not either *think* of Him exactly, or speak to Him. And to *feel* God in that way is a kind of prayer and thanksgiving which He loves as much as any, and by feeling happy in this way we please God.

X.

John xv. 13.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Do you think any of you could lay down your life for your friends without a complaint or a selfish thought? For it sometimes seems to us as if it would be a hard thing to die—to leave all our friends behind, and to part with what we have loved so much; but it is not as if we were to die for ever, and to forget everything that has passed, and our dear friends: if it were that, it would indeed be terrible and sad: but we know that *we* shall not die, though our bodies may die and be buried; for our souls will go to another home in Heaven, where I am sure we shall never forget our dear friends and our happy life on God's beautiful earth, but look back perhaps as to a day's journey that is gone, and understand all God's kindness to us better than ever before. So if we are good we should never fear to die; if we do fear, it must be that we do not love God enough and know how very very good He is. And it needs more than love for our *friends* to be willing to lay down our life for them; it needs a great and trustful love of God—a love which makes us ready at any minute to die and go to live with Him, if it is right and He wills it so. It is not often that it happens that any one we know, or know of, still less we ourselves, have any occasion or opportunity to lay down our life for our friends; but an occasion may come any day, and we should try and love God so that if we are ever needed to risk our

lives to save others, we may be ready and willing to do so in a minute without a thought of fear. Sometimes dreadful accidents happen, and then people are often required to lay down their lives for their friends. A very nice tale I must tell you. I suppose you know where Switzerland is, on the map? Well, there was a village amongst the great high mountains in Switzerland where there lived several country peasants;—quiet people who kept sheep, and goats and cows—and they drove their cows and all their animals about from one pleasant pasture on the mountains to another, and sold milk and made cheese, and lived a very quiet happy life. But in the town, some distance off, lived the man who was governor of that part of the country—the governor for the Austrians; and he was a very cruel man, and oppressed the people, and they were a wild, free people, and could not bear restraint, and so when he oppressed them they were not obedient, and rose up against his tyranny, in their hearts. At length the governor began to think they were all disobedient, and would be doing some great thing against the Austrian government; so, as he would have made the people bow to him, if he had been always there, he had his hat set up on a very high pole, on the road from the village to the town, and some guards were placed there to make every one bow to the hat as they passed. Now, there was one very good and noble man in the village, whose name was William Tell; he hated the Austrian government and the governor, and he and many of his friends were making plans to free themselves of the oppression which was so dreadful to them. This man had a wife and two little boys, Walter and William. This

day when the hat was set up, this man, William Tell, and his eldest boy Walter, were passing on the road to the town. The boy noticed the hat, and asked what it meant; and his father guessed it was some new oppression of the Government, and would not so much as raise his eyes to look at it: as they were going to pass by and take no notice, the guards stopped them, and tried to force them to bow to the governor's hat; but William Tell would not—he could not bear the governor, and would not bow to his hat, which was such a foolish and tyrannical thing to try to make people do. So the guards kept Tell fast, and would not let him go. Directly the governor himself (whose name was Gessler) came riding up, and asked what was the matter, and when he heard he asked Tell what he meant by not bowing to the hat. Tell answered boldly and fearlessly, though not without respect; but the governor knew Tell and hated him, because he knew that Tell could not bear him. He told Tell he would let him go if he could do one thing (for Tell was a man who was *very* clever in shooting with a cross-bow, and never missed his mark). Gessler told him that if he could shoot an apple off his boy Walter's head at a certain distance he should go free. Now, only think what a shocking thing to make him do! for if his hand should shake (which it would be sure to do when he was so frightened and so angry), he might kill his own boy whom he loved so. Tell was dreadfully shocked and alarmed, and he said he *would* not do that, he would do *anything* else rather. But Gessler would not change; and little Walter ran up to his father, willing to do anything to get his father out of danger, and told him that he would stand

very still, he would not move the least, *least* bit even; and he tried to comfort his father, and to urge him to do it. At last, with difficulty, Tell consented; the people were going to have tied Walter to the tree under which he stood, and to have blindfolded his eyes lest he should either stir or flinch; but the boy trod the rope under his feet, and would not be blindfolded, but putting the apple on his head, he stood alone, quite firm and still, and waited till his father shot. At last Tell shot, and pierced the apple in the very middle; and as Walter jumped up and carried the apple to his father triumphantly, with the arrow sticking in it, his father was too much exhausted with his anxiety and fright to do anything but embrace his boy. But before Tell shot, he had taken two arrows out of the case, and stuck one in the ribbon of his hat. When the arrow had been shot, and Walter was safe, Gessler said to Tell, "Now what was the other arrow for which you stuck in your hat?" Tell answered, that if he had missed the apple and killed his boy, he should immediately have shot the governor himself with the other arrow. You may fancy that neither Tell nor Gessler liked the other any better after this event. But Tell and Walter went free then. Do not you think that Walter, though he was such a little boy, had that great love in his brave, free little heart which made him willing to lay down his life for his friends? Another boy there was once, an English boy, named Gabriel; his father, too, was a peasant, and Gabriel had to cut and carry wood like his father. There was a young lord, whose father was a rich man, whilst Gabriel's parents were but poor people. This young

lord used to ride out, and one day he was riding on a very wild, spirited horse, which he could not always manage, and at last this horse became too much for him, and ran away with him, and the boy could not stop him, and the horse seemed half mad; the boy could hardly keep on. He cried for help, and Gabriel was near and some other boys; the others were rather nearer the way the horse was coming than Gabriel, and they ran into the road and tried to frighten the horse to stop, but it tore past them, and Gabriel saw it, and, as it passed him, he rushed from the bank, and throwing his arms round the horse's neck, he hung on to it, squeezing as hard as he possibly could on the horse's throat all the time, that he might not be able to breathe, and so would have to stop. But the horse rushed on as long as he had breath, and Gabriel was dragged along, still trying, with all his might, to strangle the furious creature. By degrees the horse lost his breath, and went slower and slower, till at last he dropped down, not, however, till Gabriel was quite too exhausted to hang on and strangle him one minute longer, and the young lord was just falling off. But Gabriel had risked his life to save the young lord's life, and both were safe. Gabriel, too, had not one moment hesitated to lay down his life for his friend.

XI.

Timothy iv. 7.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

I do not think you know much about Paul, except that he wrote these letters which you find at the end of the Bible, and I think you would like to have some idea what sort of a man he was. You must feel certain, I think, that he was a noble man, or else he could never have said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;" for none but a great and a good man could feel certain that he had finished the work God gave him to do, that he had conquered in the great battle which he had to fight, and that he had kept true to his faith and his God. But when first we hear of Paul, it is of him as a very different person from the Paul we generally think of. At first, Paul was not a Christian at all; indeed, so far from being a Christian, he was one of the most vehement against the Christians, helping their enemies to injure and persecute them in every way possible. There was none so active against the Christians as Paul, or Saul, as he was then called. When Stephen, who was one of the disciples of Jesus, was preaching and teaching and converting a great number of persons to become Christians through his noble words, there were some people who did not believe, and were angry that any one should try to bring in a different religion or try to change any old customs, or any part of their belief, and amongst these was Saul; and he was vehe-

ment and very angry, and when the angry people cast the good and great Stephen out of the city, and wanted to put him to death, Saul consented to it, and allowed them to stone Stephen to death. And after Stephen was dead, and had been buried and lamented over by devout men, as the Bible tells us—"as for Saul, he made havoc of the Church, entering into every church, and hailing men and women committed them to prison." "And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem." And so he was travelling to Damascus on this cruel errand; and as he journeyed, suddenly there shone round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And the voice said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." And he, trembling and astonished, said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And the Lord said to him, "Arise, go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." And the men who journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. And Saul arose from the earth, and when his eyes were opened he saw no man; but they led him by the hand and brought him into Damascus; and he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink; and then the Bible tells us that the Lord sent one of the disciples, named Ananias, to Paul, that Paul might receive his sight, and be filled with the Holy Spirit. And imme-

diately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. And when he had received meat, he was strengthened. Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus; and then he preached in the synagogues that Christ is the Son of God. But all that heard him were amazed, and said, "Is not this he that destroyed those who called on Jesus' name in Jerusalem, and came hither that he might bring the Christians bound unto the chief priests?" But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is the very Christ. And so Paul preached and taught all his life, and was now as true and vehement a Christian as he had before been vehement against the Christians. And all his life he travelled about, preaching and teaching about Jesus to the Gentiles. Many a time his life was in danger, and so was that of Barnabas, the other disciple who went with Paul; but for that Paul does not preach the less—that is, if anything, only a thing to glory in, for to be persecuted makes him more like his Master Jesus, whom he loves and honours above all others. And so never failing, never shrinking, Paul bravely and nobly preaches, and teaches, and heals, and rebukes, and comforts, and warns the people; and many and many believe on him; and he does many wonderful deeds, and some people believe on account of the wonders which he does in the name of Jesus, and some believe because of his words; but when he came again once to Jerusalem, he was in great danger, and was kept in chains in prison, and was tried and questioned by Festus, the Roman governor, and by

Agrippa, the king of Galilee. Then he was going to Rome to be tried by Cæsar himself, and as they went their ship was wrecked, and all were in great dismay; but Paul comforts and guides them all, and they all reach land in safety. And in Rome Paul was allowed to dwell in a house and teach there; and multitudes of people came to him, and he received all that came in unto him, preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

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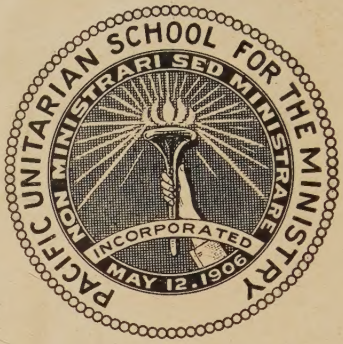

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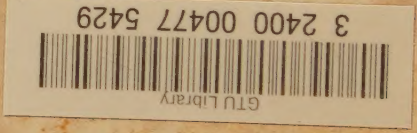

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